# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXVIII. | DECEMBER, 1876. | NEW SERIES. VOL. V. No. 12.

## BE GOOD.

A DYING mother, suddenly called to part with her five sons, and with little breath to speak, said to the youngest, who had caused her deep grief in life and made her dying pillow anxious, "Be good!"

At the close of the year, what more need I say to you, dear readers, than — Be good? For these words sum up your duty to God and man. And to do your duty is why you have life. I sympathize with your fresh, bright joy. I like to hear your Eden laugh, to watch your dancing eyes. It is to preserve this joy that I urge you to be good. Goodness is all that is of any worth. Every thing else fades away. That only endures. You will see this for yourselves when you grow older: believe it now, on the word of a friend.

When I was your age, I imagined that he loved me best who presented me with a beautiful gift, something I had long wished for. But I was mistaken: he is the truest friend who makes us strong to endure trial, brave to resist temptation; who helps us to be willing to be ill, poor, and unsuccessful, if so it seems good in our heavenly Father's sight.

And so, my dears, as my parting wish, I do not pray that you may be rich, learned, or even happy; but, that you may be good.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

HAS it ever had a legacy? There are many to criticise its work; few to aid it. Its activity is hampered, its usefulness crippled, by poverty. It needs *money* to add to its manuals, to improve, to even support its missionary newspaper. Where is the friend, awake to the good it has done, and to its grand opportunity, who will remember it in death, or, still better, in life?

## MICHAEL'S CHRISTMAS.

HE awoke with a start, as one is apt to do who goes to bed weary and sad. He is sure there is something unpleasant to be thought of; but what is it? Ah! now he remembers his poor, thin, hard-working mother fainted away yesterday, and took to her bed, "for more than the night," as one neighbor whispered to another.

It is the blessed Christmas morn, and Michael would be glad to go to church, to see the grand cross wreathed with evergreen, and hear the joyful music. But he remembers that he prays best who lives well; and so he thinks there is not much prospect of church for him that day.

He puts on his threadbare clothes and creeps carefully down the rickety stairs. He values a bedroom to himself: it is more than all the boys have; though it is but a loft after all, and the frost fringes the rough ceiling, where the summer cobwebs still flutter.

Downstairs is not much more cheery. The little stove looks too cold to be warmed. Every thing Michael touches seems hard and noisy. He lets down the ashes, carefully picks out the cinders, makes the fire, and brushes up the hearth. Muff, the cat, mews forlornly, and rubs against Michael's trousers, till quieted by a gill of milk. While she laps it, Michael sits down in the old wooden rocking-chair, and leans his head on his hands. Lazy Michael! perhaps you would call him at that early hour, but not if you followed him through the day.

Soon he starts up for a moment, and listens to catch any sound from the inner room. With a smile he thinks of freckled Johnny, and the funny figure he cut running down the hill in the doctor's big boots. Poor little Johnny! how he longs to give

him proper-sized boots for his Christmas present! What a man they would make of him. But Michael knows that his wages must go for coal, and towards the rent. How sorry he felt for Johnny! though he could not help laughing, too, that Johnny was ashamed to carry a pail of milk or a bundle of broken bread, because the lane and wharf boys laughed at him, and called him "Johnny-bear-burden." Michael only laughs back when they jeer at him, for dragging a long, heavy stick after him, and calls out "Sour grapes;" but he is sorry for little Johnny all the same.

But this Christmas morning Michael's brave heart fails him. It is easy to work for his mother ("as well as a girl," as the neighbors say), when her patient face is about; but what will they do if she be ill the long, hard winter? The doctor is a kind master: he grants Michael an extra half-hour, night and morning, to help his mother. But between those half-hours Michael must be prompt, and ready to rub down, feed, and tackle the horse, and go here, there, and everywhere that a flourishing doctor is called.

As Michael looks at the uneven stones of the hearth, which they must always heed not to trip over, at the dingy table-top, — littered with the dry, yellow loaf of last night's meal, — and thinks of the doctor's cheery kitchen, with its bright tins and shining floor, where he is always welcome, always called Michael, never "that boy,"— he asks himself, as he is not apt to do, why his mother's kitchen and home cannot be comfortable? What harm there would be in all folks having not wealth, but comfort? Somehow the royal figure of the pope does not look so grand as usual, and the crown of thorns on the Christ's head reminds him of the many thorns in his mother's heart. At the thought of her loving patience, Michael's hazel eyes soften; and he remembers that duty, not comfort, is what she thinks of; and with a kind stroke of Mrs. Muff, who jumped on his knee as soon as she had lapped her milk, Michael starts up, determined to lose no more time in idle thought.

He brushes off the table, puts the loaf on a clean plate taken from the shelves which hold the pride of his mother's eyes, — common crockery to most folks, but as precious to her as all the fine knicknacks in the doctor's best parlor to the doctor's wife. Michael pushes some of the clothes in the shallow bureau drawer farther in, so as to close it, draws up the cotton shade to let in the sickly winter sun, empties the brown teapot, gets a pail of fresh water from the pump at the foot of the tumble-down steps, and puts on the tea-kettle. At a slight sound, he opens his mother's door; hears the welcome "Better to-day," kisses her a "Happy Christmas," — it can hardly be a "merry" one, he thinks; makes her a cup of tea; and toasts her a slice of bread, thin and brown, but at which the doctor's cook would smile; and then runs off with a lighter heart to his stable duties.

He thinks people might keep well just this Christmas day. But Billy Bobbetts swallowed a cent, and Goody Nolan fell down the cellar stairs, and this person had a crook in her neck, and that had a touch of *rheumatiz*, and two babies were born, and the doctor and Michael had a morning and a half of it.

But the afternoon cleared for Michael, as for many another; and, after an excellent dinner, he was sent home for the rest of the day with a large basket and a big bundle for his mother, Johnny, and self.

"Squash pie!" Johnny cries, with such a shout that the feeble mother smiles, though she had been ready to cry all day.

To make it more cheerful for her boys, she has managed to crawl from her bed; and, with a pillow at her back and a cricket for her feet, she sits in unusual rest. "Apples," says Johnny, "raisins, turkey, cranberry sauce, cookeys, tea! how jolly!"

In the bundle, a soft warm shawl, mittens, socks, tippets, and two books.

With a glad heart, Michael went to bed. Poor, not in robust health, — not one of them; a long, cold winter before them; a life of toil; debarred often from going to church, — he would try not to forget, the long year, the lesson taught him that Christmas day, that the dear Friend to whom he went with all his troubles would never fail him, would help him to bear up under every trial, and enable him to be a good brother and a good son.

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THEN one night I dreamed a dream, in which I saw him standing among a great crowd of folks, very rich and very learned and very grand; and I thought he looked lonely and strange among them; and I called to him to come back to me, who loved him, though he couldn't read a word out of a printed book. And directly a great company of plain, simple men like himself came into my sight, and I seemed to know who they were. There was Enoch who walked with God, and Noah who pleased God, and Abraham the friend of God, and many another; and Transome seemed quite at home with them. And I could hear them talking, I thought, about God, as if they had seen his face, and knew him for a friend; not like the learned men who were talking of him in hard and difficult words. "Ally Transome."

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PRIDE costs more than hunger, thirst, or cold. Banish it from your heart.

## LUCY'S FUR FRIENDS.

### CHAPTER XVI.

*The Shadow Cat.*

WHEN Miss Betty took Lucy back to Harmony Hill, I purred my dutiful service to my mother, Mrs. Whisker, and my love to my sisters, Caprille and Chinchilla.

Before leaving, Lucy carried me around the yard, softly stroking my homely fur, and pitying me for my lonely day. But I was so well satisfied with my saucer of rich milk that I did not mind being alone. In an hour, I was not so well pleased with solitary confinement, and wondered how I could amuse myself. There were the little sand hillocks on the kitchen floor, which, though old-fashioned in Methuen, Miss Betty raised every day as a relic of Marblehead.

I tried writing my name in the sand, till I was tired of my awkward paw-strokes. The house was still as a mouse, but not a mouse to be seen.

In the final hurry, Lucy had left her chair beneath the big stocking basket, which hung from the centre beam, just as it used to in the homestead at Marblehead. It was full of socks and stockings from Anita's house; some to be footed, some to be darned. If I could reach it, what a soft bed I should find! I sprang easily into it from the chair, and, after rocking wildly, — for I was a cat of weight, — the gentler swaying of the basket soothed me, and I fell into a sound sleep.

My nap might have lasted for hours, for Methuen is such a loaf of stillness that it could spare slices to quiet noisy cities; but a cat, even fast asleep, is quick to suspect when a stranger is near. And, staring in the window, what a wild-looking stranger!

Shaped like a cat, transparent as a lantern, the shadow of the shadow of a cat! I sprang too fast from the basket; but, lighting on my paws, encouraged myself with the thought, *That* cat will not jump.

The window-pane was thin, and I asked the stranger, "What are you?"

"I *was* a cat," in a voice like shivering glass.

"What are you now?"

"That cat's shadow."

"Where do you live?"

"In the woods."

"What do you eat?"

"Cat's-ear, cat's-head, cat's-foot."

"Do you relish cat meat?"

"I mean the herbs, — hawkweed, ground-ivy, wartwort, herd's-grass."

"Never a saucer of milk?"

"None."

"Were you a barn or a house cat?"

"I was barn in a born."

"You mean born in a barn."

"You need not put words in my mouth. I was a Marblehead cat, and a Marblehead cat says barn for born, born for barn."

"Whose house was your home in Methuen?"

"James's."

"Why did you leave it?"

"To escape James."

"I am happy to tell you he goes to sea to-day."

"Ah!"

"You can go back to-morrow."

"The woods is the proper place for a wild cat."

"If James had not plagued you, you would have been satisfied with your life?"

"Entirely."

"Did you not envy Whittington's cat going to London?"

"What year is this?"

"1868."

"The year of my last spring."

"The cat-fairy can give you another spring, and change you from a shadowy into a solid cat."

"There is no cat-fairy in Methuen."

When I turned my head back to the window, — for I had looked away listening to approaching wheels, — the shadow was gone. No wonder; for the wheels belonged to old Dobson's cart, and in that cart sat the shadow's enemy. A sea-trunk was slung behind. James was lashing the horse. How I longed for a cat o'nine tails to lay over *him*, for abusing the horse, and, still more, for daring to turn a *fur* lady into a shadow! Glad enough now was I that the whooping-cough had kept Lucy and me from James's house till he was gone.

It made me dull thinking of the shadow. Had I found change, only to be lost in the woods; for had not Miss Betty's buff cat, as well as the shadow, mysteriously disappeared? Possibly, if I did my duty, kept Miss Betty's cellar free from mice, and James did not come back, I might be reserved for a better fate. I tried to poke the sand back again which I had disturbed; but, as ill luck would have it, I pitched into another hillock.

I lapped the rest of my milk, took a mid-day bath, and then planted myself on the window-seat to watch for Miss Betty. I wondered the shadow did not turn into a vegetable, instead of taking to the woods. Nothing passed but a cart or two, and some school-children swinging their empty dinner-pails. "Fortunate Caprille!" I thought to myself, "saved by a fit from Methuen, a place unknown to fun."

"Why, Tab," cried Miss Betty, as I purred and rubbed against her gown,

"what witch-work you have made of my nice floor! But you have had a dull time of it; and, as there's no danger of *your* catching whooping-cough, we'll go to the other house to-morrow."

This pleased me very much, for I was very curious about the shadow's former home. But what was it I was not likely to catch? Was whooping-cough a Methuen mouse?

I found that the other house was not so tidy as Miss Betty's; and that Anita's mother was as thin for a woman as the shadow for a cat. I suppose James had worn them both to skin and bone.

"James, poor fellow! has gone," said Anita's mother, in a doleful voice.

"For how long, sister?"

"Two years, poor boy!"

"Why, he'll be back before we can turn round," said Miss Betty; "and it will make a man of him. But where are the children?"

"Samuel and Marthy Ann, coughing, in bed; Eben and Lyddy, coughing, in the kitchen."

Now I knew about Miss Betty's joke of Lucy's going home barking; for it did sound like a dog. Miss Betty opened the door, and in rushed two sandy-haired children, with coughs of joy. Their clothes covered without fitting them. I suspected that Methuen dressmakers were as scarce as cat-fairies.

"This is Lucy Clive's fur lady," said Miss Betty, as they stared at me.

"Where's *our poor cat*," asked Lyddy, "all starved and frozen?"

Then I felt sure that Lyddy would be my friend, because she pitied the shadow. I wished I could tell her that the shadow was alive.

Eben coughed till his eyes started like frogs'.

"He must go home with me and stay all night, for change of air," said Miss Betty; "and Lyddy, too."

With small bundles, and shawls tied around their waists, they followed Aunt Betty and me.

The house was so unusually still the day they left (for I rather liked hearing them bark), that I strayed into the woods in search of the shadow.

But in vain. And I thanked Eben in my heart, when, after two days of hunger, he sought for me, and brought me back.

Do I regret that I sneezed three times the Friday before Miss Betty visited Clive House? Not in the least. For now I am Mistress Tab, an honored and useful house cat, — no longer a despised, ill-treated barn cat. Why, I find my life so comfortable with Miss Betty, who does not disdain to make even those creatures who cannot thank her happy, that I'd rather be a kitten, and cry "Mew!" in Methuen, than a lion, like Whittington's cat, in London town!

Dear Lucy, too, comes every little while for a visit.

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## A DECALOGUE OF CANONS.

### FOR OBSERVATION IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

1. NEVER put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap: it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

Thomas Jefferson.

## THE HOLLY.

THE American holly is widely diffused throughout the United States. It adds to the beauty of the forest by its red berries and brilliant evergreen foliage. It sometimes attains the height of forty feet, with a trunk a foot in diameter. The leaves are undulated. The flowers are succeeded by rounded berries. The wood is very hard, susceptible of a fine polish, and more capable of receiving a black color than any other. It is used principally for veneering: the black lines with which cabinet work is frequently ornamented, in this country, are formed of this wood dyed in the coppers of the hatter. It is a good wood for turning, for the cogs of wheels, and for the pulleys of vessels; but for this latter purpose lignum vitæ is preferable. The European holly is very similar to the American in size, appearance, and the qualities of the wood. Among the Romans, it was customary to send boughs of holly to friends, with new-year's gifts, as emblematical of good wishes; and in England it is used, as other evergreens are here, to decorate houses at Christmas.

## FEEDING THE ORPHANS.

HERE we have the interior of a rude cabin, crowded with curious objects. In the background, a fire-place, with strings of fish and onions; a fisherman's lantern, basket, tin dippers, &c.; a ladder leading to the loft above; a barrel with dishes on the top. The winds and waves have not hardened the fisherman's heart, though they have bronzed his cheeks and toughened his hands. In the midst of peril, he has felt himself in the hollow of his Father's hand; and a reflection of that Father's tenderness makes him anxious to feed the trembling, tiny bird perched on his left thumb. He knows about fish, but, perhaps, never held a bird before. May be it crosses his mind, that, in the dangerous life he leads, the boy who, with smiling face, holds a dish containing food for the bird, may be an orphan some day, and left to care for the little child who, in frock and pinafore, kneels on a low chair, exploring the basket, which evidently contains more young birds. Let us hope that the kind fisherman succeeds in feeding the orphans.

## LITTLE BROOMSTICK.

FOR the first time in her life, Broomstick was listening to the Christmas story. The reader had chosen that chapter which gives the account of the shepherds, and the glad tidings brought to them by the heavenly host.

"Don't I wish I'd been there, though?" interposed the sick child. "Must been finer than all the hand-organs ever was made all playin' together."

Let no one suppose there was any levity in this comment on the angels' song. Little Broomstick had never listened to any other music than that of the street organs. How did she know that heaven's harmonies were very different from the best she had heard?

"I'd have gone to Bethlehem, I tell you," she said. "I know I could a-beat them shepherds at run-

nin'; an' then, don't you b'lieve but I would have run about and told folks about Jesus. I'd a-hollered with all my might, just like the newsboys does when there's an extra. My! I'd like to do it yet. D'ye s'pose everybody knows that 'ere what you've been a readin'? I bet they don't. When I get well, I'm goin' to tell them folks in Ham Alley. Go ahead. I like it fust-rate."

The nurse came around at the usual hour to see that her patients were comfortable. Little Broomstick held her fast, and whispered in her ear: "I'm havin' real good times here, — ever such good times. S'pose I shall have to go 'way from here just as soon as I gits well; but I'll take the good time along, — some of it, anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse; "I know. Sh-sh-sh! don't talk any more."

"You did, eh? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was goin' to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked nurse, forgetting her own orders in her curiosity.

"Oh! just like most o' folks, — kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you know 'bout Jesus bein' born."

"Christmas with the Girls."

## COSEY CORNER.

WE never know, my dears, what will happen. Perhaps there was a lingering croak in my heart, all through the summer, that I should not see the Centennial Exposition; and, after all, the good time came, and October sixteenth saw me on my way to it. What wonderful things I saw! and what funny things I heard! How the people elbowed me, and I elbowed them. Often, the minute we had jammed our way into a building, our next desire was to get out. But then it wasn't all a crowd: there were quiet places and plenty of room at times, and, generally, much good-humor and politeness. Visitors who had catalogues were glad to tell about the pictures, — to tell more than they were asked to. A stranger was so delighted with the magnificent sheet of silver from Texas that he drew my attention to it.

One little girl cried, "I want to see Old Abe." And a wise-looking old fellow he was, with his sharp black eyes and white pate; and what did he care for all the people staring at him; for, could not he stare back? — he, a war-eagle, as well as able to stare at the sun. I pitied the four dogs, which, in turn, trode out the cider. The one I saw lapped out his tongue, as much as to say, "It may taste sweet to you, it is bitter enough to me."

One girl was in tears, and her mother said, "You won't want to come to the Centennial again!" But most of the children seemed eagerly happy. Such a smiling baby in its mother's arms! and another waving her little hand above the crowd, as if to say, "Peace, you busy trampers, you eager lookers: the world will go on, and you will prosper, even if you do not see that 'ere 'butter-woman,' or the Helicon vase, or the Milton shield, or the smallest

watch ever made, and all the other million wonders." We might envy the little birds that found their easy way in through the roof, and lunched off the grain ; but, then, they had no eyes for the few beautiful pictures, they could not admire the "Gardener's Children," or "Betty, the Milkmaid," or "Baith Faither and Mither."

Of course, children got lost, but then they were found. Grown people were separated from friends; but they were welcomed by strangers. One lady from Illinois said she came with two men and two boys, and the latter were full of the machinery, and did not care to see what she was eager to look at, and at last she lost them. We welcomed her to our party; and she grew cheerful, and went around with us for the afternoon.

I hope some of you saw the horrible beetles from Brazil, and the amusing fur clock from Russia, and filed past the "Butter-woman," without becoming butter yourselves. I could tell you how Mrs. Pennycracker unwillingly blocked a car at Jersey city; and how a boy, not able to see that she could go neither backward nor forward, cried out, "She's bad as the dog in the manger: she won't get out of the way, and she won't let anybody else." I could tell how she bought pails, and wet her handkerchief at the everflowing Cologne fountain, and gathered up picture cards of flags of all nations, and every useful sample and little "notion" that would make her children's eyes shine and hearts glad. I could tell how Miss Chipchase lingered over minerals, fine lace, fire-screens, malachite, the biggest opal in the world, statuary, and tapestry, and then had to be looked after herself. I could tell of our pet discoveries and our lasting favorites. But time would fail to tell of a hundredth part of what we saw: it will color our thought for life. It will make us modest as to what America has done (grand as her work has been); alive to the exquisite achievements of nations which we had undervalued; and awake to the fact that labor is better than play, though that is good in its time and place.

## CAN BIRDS READ?

WE built a cottage at Vineyard Highlands, and put the name over the door, calling it "The Birds' Nest." On a recent visit we found one robin's nest on the baluster of the dining-room, one nest on the stoop, two nests on limbs of trees overhanging the house, and a martin-cage full. We saw no nests around any other cottage. Did they read the sign and take the liberty to build their nests?

One of the nests especially attracted our attention; it was on a narrow flat baluster, and the wind would have blown it off with very little force had it not been for the fact that the robins had tied it on with the most perfect ingenuity, fastening the strings under the baluster on both sides to the lattice-work. No human being could have secured it more perfectly. Now, children, what do you think, can birds read?

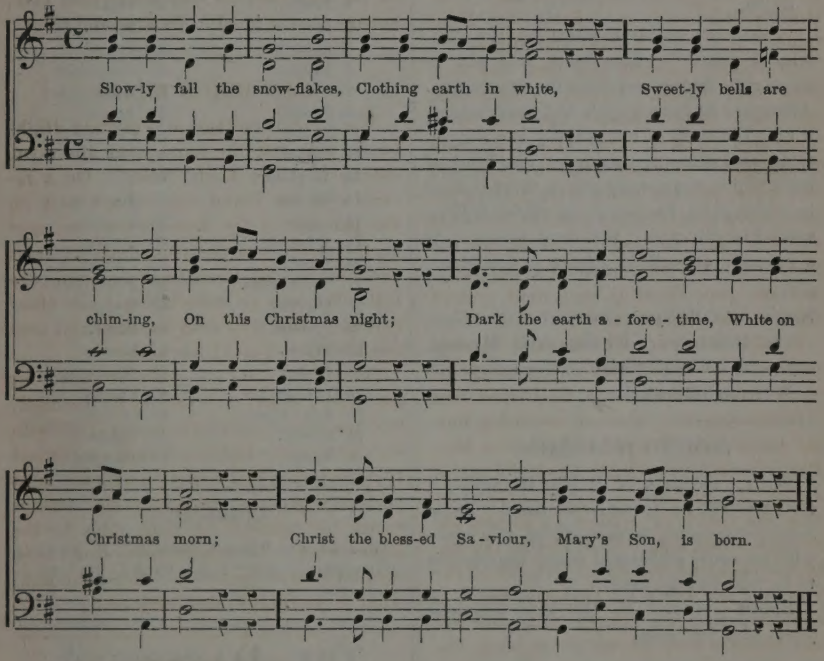
## SUCH IS LIFE.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood, —
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, — and Man forgot.

Bishop King.

## SLOWLY FALL THE SNOW-FLAKES.

A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS. W. BORROW.


Slow-ly fall the snow-flakes, Clothing earth in white, Sweet-ly bells are
chim-ing, On this Christmas night; Dark the earth a - fore - time, White on
Christmas morn; Christ the bless-ed Sa - viour, Mary's Son, is born.

2 Slowly fall the snow-flakes,
Virgin-white the sod,
In the chill descending,
Like the grace of God.
Wild the varied chimings
One tale only tell, —
Lies in Bethlehem's manger
Great EMMANUEL.

3 Slowly fall the snow-flakes,
Hang the holly high,
Bright its berries, greeting
Christ our Saviour nigh.
Dark the earth no longer,
Barren nevermore,
Grace-flowers spring to blossom
On the eternal shore.

## BOOK NOTICES.

THE STORY OF OUR COUNTRY. By Mrs. L. B. Monroe. With Illustrations. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Company, 381 Washington Street. 1876. Price $1.50.

"Shall our children profit by the Centennial year?" This book will aid in answering that question in the affirmative. Attractive in type, paper, and illustrations, it tells the story of our country in a simple, clear, and pleasing manner. The kind of book which boys easily affect, it is the kind to which girls, too prone to prefer fiction, should be directed. We recommend it as a valuable as well as agreeable Christmas gift.

SONGS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND GOSPEL MEETINGS. By James R. Murray, Boston: White, Smith, & Company, 516 Washington Street.

## BOUND VOLUMES.

BOUND volumes of "The Dayspring" for 1876 will be for sale as usual. Price *seventy-five cents;* to subscribers *fifty cents*, with *ten* cents additional where the book is to be returned by mail.

Bound volumes of the four previous years also for sale.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A NUMBER of subscriptions for the year 1876 are still unpaid. We are very anxious to have all accounts settled before the close of the year, and our friends will oblige us by sending at once the amount due.

NEVER trouble others for what you can do yourself. This will promote your independence.

## ANSWERS TO HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Dustpan.
2. Poker.
3. Carpet.
4. Scuttle.
5. Clocks.
6. Sponge.
7. Bucket.
8. Sofa.
9. Brush.
10. Spider.
11. Castor.
12. Tumbler.
13. Napkin.
14. Ch-air.
15. What-not.
16. Screen.
17. Candlestick.
18. Matches.
19. Blanket.
20. Pillow.
21. Drawer.
22. Lounge.
23. Salt Cellar.
24. Shovel.
25. Range.
26. Spider.
27. Pumps.
28. Tea-caddy.
29. Fork.
30. Spoon.
31. Ewers.
32. Cuspadore.
33. Refrigerator.
34. Sh-elf.
35. Cupboard.
36. Hat-tree.
37. Bed.
38. Mattress.
39. Bolster.
40. Dresser.
41. Curtain.
42. Towel-rack.
43. Keys.
44. Piano.
45. Basket.
46. Music-stand.
47. Canopy.
48. Oilcloth.
49. Cabinet.
50. Hamper.

## CORRECTION.

In answer to "Boston Paradox," in November "Dayspring," read "Public Garden" for "Boston Common."


# THE DAYSPRING,

(Elizabeth P. Channing, Editor),

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